

# THE BELMONT CHRONICLE.

B. R. COWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

"HE WHO LOVES NOT HIS COUNTRY CAN LOVE NOTHING."

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## POETRY.

### On The Death of H. M.

Through long days and nights of anguish  
On his couch the sufferer lay,  
Like a rosebud left to languish  
Parted from the stem away.  
And we deemed while watching o'er him,  
That lovely boy of pain,  
All our care might not restore him  
Back to life and health again.  
Every art and fond endeavor  
Could not save him from the tomb,  
And he passed away forever  
To a realm of fadeless bloom.  
Four bright smiling summers only  
Had the little prattler known,  
Yet the home he left is lonely  
For its light with him has flown.  
Bright the stars of Heaven were shining  
In their far off depths of blue,  
Where life's transient gift resigning,  
To the Earth he bade adieu.  
And the glorious seal "immortal"  
On his brow of beauty shown  
As he passed death's gloomy portal,  
Calmly without sigh or moan.  
Did not waiting Angels whisper,  
"Gentle spirit, why delay?"  
As the pale lips of the sleeper  
Softly breathed his life away!  
Our dull ears heard not their voices;  
But we felt, while standing there,  
"Even now his soul rejoices,  
Parted from a World of care."  
In the graves' dark mansion sleeping,  
Cold and lowly lies his head,  
And the Autumn winds are heaping  
Withered leaves around his bed.  
Still that heart which throbb'd so wildly  
With a rapture all its own;  
Closed those eyes which beamed so mildly;  
Hushed that voice's music tone.  
Quietly that form reposes,  
All its beauties lost for aye—  
From among the household roses  
A sweet bud has passed away.  
But the Angels bore his spirit  
Upward to its native skies,  
There forever to inherit  
All the joys of Paradise.  
Who that loved him would restore him  
Back to earth from Heaven's bright bowers?  
Where Angel's eyes watch o'er him  
With a fonder love than ours.  
There the path, expanding, glowing,  
Treads the souls by seraphs trod;  
And the "river of life" is flowing  
"Thro' the City of our God."  
Glen Quiet, Colerain O. C. H. C.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### From Graham's Magazine.

### THE BRIGGS' BABY.

BY ELLA BOGDAN CHURCH.

Let well-enough alone.—OLD MAXIM.  
It was a foretold-looking little object, seeming as though it had got into a "tangle," and could not get out again—an undistinguishable mass of nothing in particular, whose chief amusement appeared to be that of digging its eyes out with its fists—and yet the whole house was in an uproar about it; and not only the house, but the village too.  
The Briggs' Baby, to be brief, was an object of universal admiration. Martha Briggs was yet scarcely more than a child herself, and as to Sam, every one knew that he had only just completed his twenty-first year. Uncles, aunts, and cousins, flocked in from all directions to gaze upon the wonder, and detect in its little, shapeless features a striking resemblance to father or mother, or both; Sam held his head at least three inches higher than before the advent of that remarkable baby; and Martha evidently considered all the extravagant praises bestowed upon the queer little piece of humanity as not the half of what it deserved.  
The large, old-fashioned house directly opposite the Briggs', belonged to Timothy Cornwall. Timothy was a rich man; he owned other houses, and numerous broad acres—nearly all of which had been acquired by hard work and careful saving. His better-half was a perfect mirror of her husband; to work and to save had been the main objects of her life. They had both done this for twenty years; and now they were the richest people in Hornetsville.  
Everything about the premises was neat, regular, and plentiful; and it was the kind of place that a traveler in the stage-coach would have involuntarily noticed for its air of old-fashioned comfort and luxuriance; each separate apple or pumpkin upon the farm seeming to grow in a proper, regular way, and every tree leaning out in the most orderly manner. One could tell, at a glance, that there were no children there to put things in disorder—no little, moddy

feet to come pattering in upon Mrs. Cornwall's immaculate floors—or childish hands to disarrange the methodically-placed tables and chairs. No, when his neighbors spoke of Timothy Cornwall to strangers, they invariably added that he had "neither chick nor child"; and nephews and nieces began to be quite anxious about the extent of their favor with Uncle Timothy.

Mrs. Cornwall had been sitting with Martha; and she crossed the road to her own dwelling with a thoughtful step, and sat down in her bonnet, by the sitting-room fire in a complete state of abstraction. She had seen babies before—plenty of them; and yet, somehow, the Briggs' baby seemed to arouse a new and unaccustomed train of thought.

Yes, Timothy was now hard on to sixty and she was hard on to fifty; they had worked, and saved, and were rich; they could now tell their hands and do nothing if they liked, for the rest let their lives—But for what had they been working and saving? She didn't see but that it was to make their relations glad when they died; and here Mrs. Cornwall gave a large stick of wood an unnecessary push with her foot. They had an immense house, with no one in it but themselves and Sally, whose province was entirely confined to the kitchen; and, somehow or other, it began to seem kind of lonely. She didn't know as she got rid of trouble, either; for, when anything was the matter with anybody, they always sent for her. "She hadn't any children," they said; and on that account, she was expected to be at people's beck whenever they chose to call. Martha seemed so happy, and Sam looked so proud of her and the baby—she really believed that Tim would think a great deal more of her if they had children around them.

She sat twisting the strings of her bonnet, and gazing so intently into the fire that her husband entered unperceived; but, stealing round behind her, he bestowed upon her still red lips a kiss, the warmth of which showed that his wife had certainly done him injustice, as he said—  
"Why, mother, what's the matter?" as he noticed the cloud upon her brow.

Now this title of "mother" bestowed upon his wife, was one of Tim's peculiarities that afforded an inexhaustible subject of mirth to his friends. By what species of mental hallucination, he could ever regard her in that light, was certainly a mystery; but it was known to be an undeniable fact that within a week after their marriage, he adopted that style of address, and had continued it ever since.

To her husband's great surprise, Mrs. Cornwall burst into tears. She was rarely thus affected; and Timothy began to fear that something more than usual was the matter.

To all this entreaties, Mrs. Cornwall remained for a long time silent; but when, at length, he had obtained a glimpse of her feelings, and found that she was actually jealous of Martha's baby, Timothy indulged in a hearty laugh, partly from a sense of relief that it was no worse. But observing, from his wife's clouded face, that she was in no laughing humor, he good-naturedly elongated his own visage to a sober expression, and proposed holding a consultation as to what was to be done.

The good man was extremely puzzled at the strange turn that his wife had taken; and thinking that she needed something to divert her mind, proposed a quilting-party. "I ain't apt to have any more quilting-parties," replied Mrs. Cornwall, with considerable asperity; "where's the house turned topsy-turvy—lots of cake made, and eggs and cream vanishing like wildfire—forward youngsters puttin' their noses in everywhere—Sally gumbling for a fortnight afterward—and much thanks I git for all—Don't talk to me of quilting-parties, or any other parties!"

Timothy had made himself comfortable with his pipe; and now sat ruminating amid vast clouds of smoke. He was not given to repining, but his wife's words had sat him a-thinking; and he became wrapped in a waking dream, that was infinitely delightful. Childish hands clasped his neck—soft, childish cheeks were pressed close to his—and childish tones sang out in glee, diffusing unusual music though the old house.

Twenty-nine—yes, Timothy, Jr., would now be a likely young man, who could take half the care of the farm off his shoulders, and go on innumerable sleighing parties with the prettiest girl in the county; and Rebecca, (he would call her Rebecca after his wife,) he saw her, a beautiful and dutiful daughter, on whose account the young men were troubling him continually—but he would stern with them, and make them keep their distance—they were none of them half good enough for Rebecca—he'd show them—but the pipe had gone out; and Timothy awoke to realities somewhat saddened, and watched his wife as she silently arranged the tea-table, that looked so lonely, only laid for two. There should be some little, high-chairs there; of china saucers, whose gilt letters traced the words, "To my Son," or "To my Daughter."

The meal was eaten more silently than usual; and Timothy Cornwall and his wife began to feel a void in their hearts—an empty, aching void, that would not be silenced.

Mrs. Cornwall went often to the opposite house; and sat there tending the baby, while Martha, with her bright eyes and rolled-up sleeves, flitted here and there—now, plunged up to the elbows in flour, in the manufacture of one of Sam's favorite dishes, originating through the house, from hand, as she swept and dusted rooms that seemed already swept and dusted to the last degree of neatness. She found her neighbors extremely useful; and the baby became so accustomed to Mrs. Cornwall, that it was perfectly satisfied to remain in her charge.

"I do wish Martha wouldn't be so dreadful choice of that baby!" exclaimed Mrs. Timothy to her husband, on her return from one of these visits; "she really seems to be afraid that we'll eat it, or do something to it! I wanted it over here to spend the day—I thought it would be so nice to have it here, for once—it's a dear, little thing, and knows one as well as it does its mother; but Martha opened her eyes as wide as saucers, and said that she couldn't think of such a thing at present!"

"It would be nice," said Tim, reflectively; he having a vision of a model baby that never cried, behaved with all the consideration of a grown person, and went quietly to sleep when people were to busy to attend to it. "Yes," said he, "I should really like to have it here."

Mrs. Cornwall sat nursing her wrath in the rocking-chair; and thinking what an ungrateful creature Martha was, that she wouldn't lend them the baby for a little while!

The months wore on, and the Briggs' baby had got to be quite an old story. It now seemed like a kitten that has commenced growing, and lost its prettiness; except, that it was a fat, good-natured, little thing, and daily increasing in strength and beauty. It was now ten months old; aspired to eat and drink like other people; and, as its father said, behaved in all respects, like a christian.

Sam and Martha were not much given to jaunting—it took time and money; but quite suddenly, one morning, they made up their minds to attend a State Fair, about fifty miles off; for, Sam said, "he just wanted to see if them pumpkins, and squashes and things, was any such great shakes, after all."

They would be gone but one night—and after considerable hesitation, Martha listened favorably to Mrs. Cornwall's proposal of taking charge of the baby. Sam laughed at his wife's fears, and declared that "the young one was well enough in such hands; the only danger was, that having tried the delights of having a baby in the house, they might insist upon keeping it altogether." And Martha fully agreed with him in the latter idea.

They would take the afternoon train, and return the next evening; and it was a settled thing that the baby was to be left with Mrs. Cornwall.

When Timothy came home to dinner, he found his wife radiant with smiles. She informed him that they were going to have a visitor, and told him to guess who it was. "I'm sure, I don't know," he replied, half-absently.

"Well, guess," rejoined his wife, quite provoked at his indifference, "I'm sure you're Yankee enough for that!"  
But Timothy's perceptions were very much clouded; and, when in despair, his wife was obliged to divulge the secret, he seemed fairly staggered by it.

"The baby?" he repeated, "ate you sure it's quite well? Maybe it'll have a fit, or something!"

"Nonsense," replied his wife, "all babies don't have fits—Martha's never had a fit in it's life!"

Timothy was rather fearful; but, being reassured by his wife, he ventured to give himself up to all the pleasure of the anticipated enjoyment.

But suddenly his anxiety assumed a new form. "How are you goin' to feed it?" he inquired; "want it want a teapot, or something?"

The expression of intense contempt in Mrs. Cornwall's eyes, as she repeated the word "teapot," effectually silenced her husband, who meekly admitted that "he didn't know much about babies."

Martha came over herself, with the baby carefully bundled up in her charges; and almost bewildered good Mrs. Cornwall with the multiplicity of directions. Timothy listened in considerable awe, and at first, gazed upon the baby as though afraid that it might hurt him. The object of all this solicitude looked remarkably well satisfied with the arrangement, and parted from its mother without a single whimper.

"Didn't I tell you it was a darling?" said Mrs. Cornwall, as she sat down to untie its cloak and hood.

The baby laughed and crowed, gazed from Timothy to the fire, and from the fire to Timothy, and sucked its thumb in perfect contentment.

The old gentleman shook his newspaper at it, but the baby started at the sudden noise; and then Timothy started, because the baby did, and looked so frightened, that his wife laughed at him. The child was playful, however, and after puckering up its mouth a little, concluded not to cry; and amused itself with pulling at Mrs. Cornwall's cap.

Timothy gazed upon it with the utmost yearning; he fairly longed to take the child in his arms, and yet he didn't dare to say so. He was afraid that his wife would laugh at him; he couldn't imagine how she held it so nicely; and he sat there, watching and endeavoring to learn something. He tried all manner of devices to attract the child's attention; but it looked upon his efforts with such evident contempt, that Timothy really felt hurt.

At length, watching his opportunity, he snatched it suddenly from his wife's arms, and began sucking violently around the room with it. But Timothy was not accustomed to babies; he handled the child awkwardly; and, frightened by his violence, it set up a cry that fairly electrified him. Timothy listened, meekly to his wife's reproach, and sat down in a cold perspiration, while she endeavored to soothe the fractious infant. But it would not be soothed; its feelings had been very much injured; and it cried so loud and steadily, that they began to fear Martha would hear it, and

come posting back to execute summary vengeance upon them.

"I declare," exclaimed poor Mrs. Cornwall, panting with her exertions, after trotting, and walking, and tossing the child, until she sank down from sheer exhaustion, "this is worse than churning-day, even, or bakin'-day, either! I couldn't feel more baby, if I'd done the hardest day's work I ever done in my life."

The baby was tired out, too, and lay sobbing on her knee—Timothy regarding it with a rueful countenance, and wondering in the name of common sense possessed it. After awhile, the sobs nearly ceased—the tearful eyes were closed—and with an ejaculation of thankfulness, Mrs. Cornwall deposited the child in its cradle, which had been brought over from the other house. She rocked it and hushed it twice as much as was necessary, for fear that it was not really asleep; and frowned down all her husband's attempts at speaking, until he became quite impatient, and looked upon the baby as something of a bore.

Timothy obeyed his wife's beckoning nod, and stood beside the cradle. "Isn't it lovely?" she whispered—and he gave a fervent assent.

The round cheek was flushed with its late excitement—one or two tear-drops still trembled on the long lashes—and the tiny, dimpled hand rested, like a rose-leaf, on the coverlet. The childish couple stood regarding the sweet picture with a feeling of indescribable tenderness; and the infant slumbered on, undisturbed by their low whisperings.

Leaving the cradle and its precious contents in her husband's charge, Mrs. Cornwall went to the kitchen to superintend some arrangements for feeding the baby—Martha had brought over a paper of arrow-root, the boiling of which had been entrusted to Sally; but that dandel, having cooked it with a most homoeopathic allowance of water, had manufactured a compound that tasted like burnt pudding. Mrs. Cornwall was fairly discouraged.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## Mr. Jefferson's Abolitionism.

The Editor of the *Enquirer* accuses us of having called Mr. Jefferson an Abolitionist. He should have gone further, and charged us with proving him to be so. He cannot deny that Mr. Jefferson was the author of the Virginia ordinance of 1784, which provided that involuntary servitude except for the punishment of crime, should not exist in the Territories of the Union after the year 1800. If this was not, first, Abolition of the slavery that should not exist in 1800, and secondly, its Prohibition for all future time, we beg our neighbor to tell us distinctly by what name it shall be called. We are now particular in the matter of terminology; but if Mr. Jefferson was not an Abolitionist, what was he?

Suppose we should venture to say that "the abolition of domestic slavery is the greatest object of desire in these States," would not the editor of the *Enquirer* feel justified in accusing us of having given utterances to sentiments of rank Abolitionism? Yet in his letter to the Convention held at Williamsburgh, Virginia, Aug. 7, 1774, Mr. Jefferson wrote as follows:

"The abolition of domestic slavery is the greatest object of desire in these colonies where it was unhappily introduced in their infant state. But previous to the enfranchisement of the slaves, it is necessary to exclude all further importations from Africa. Yet our repeated attempts to effect this by prohibition, and by imposing duties which might amount to prohibition, have been hitherto defeated by his Majesty's negative. Thus preferring the immediate advantages of a few African corsairs to the lasting interest of the American States, and to the rights of human nature, deeply wounded by this infamous practice."

Not merely the dissolution of the servile tenure, but the "enfranchisement" of the slave—his admission to the rights of citizenship—formed, as appears by the foregoing quotation, a part of the political system of Mr. Jefferson. We might multiply extracts almost indefinitely to the same effect, but have only room for a part of his bitter denunciation of the institution contained in his "Notes on Virginia." He first speaks of the effect of slavery upon the morals of the people where it exists; continuing, he says:

"With the morals of the people, their industry also is destroyed. For, in a warm climate, no man will labor for himself who can make another labor for him. This is so true, that the proprietors of slaves, are very small proportion, indeed, ever seen to labor. And can the liberties of the nation be thought secure when we have removed their only firm basis—a conviction in the minds of the people that these liberties are the gift of God? That they are not violated but with His wrath! Indeed, I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just—that his justice cannot sleep forever; that, considering numbers, nature and natural means only, a revolution of the wheel of fortune, an exchange of situation is among possible events: that it may become probable by supernatural interference. The Almighty has no attribute which can take sides with us in such a contest."

Such a testimony to the industrial, political and moral evils of slavery—such a declaration of its sinfulness in the eyes of a God of infinite justice—such a recognition of the invariable relation which exists between crime and punishment, and such a prediction of the descent of the wrath of Jehovah upon the heads of "people guilty of oppression," would, if it fallen from the lips of Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips or William Lloyd Garrison, instead of gliding from the pen of the Sage of Monticello, have

been met with a mingled cry of derision and denunciation by every Administration print and orator from Maine to California. Again, we have the right to ask, if Mr. Jefferson was not an Abolitionist, what was he? We are tempted with the title of Abolitionist, because we desire, by every constitutional means, to prevent the planting of slavery in lands where it does not exist. If by the possession of such a sentiment a man becomes legitimately entitled to the name, how much stranger than our own to such a distinction, are the claims of Mr. Jefferson.

The editor of the *Enquirer* attempts to do away with the evidence of the Abolition views of Mr. Jefferson, by showing that he was not opposed to the spread of slavery into free territory. In 1820 he held that the diffusion of slavery would not increase its amount, and would "facilitate emancipation, by dividing the burden on a greater number of coadjutors." We are afraid the testimony offered by our contemporary scarcely comes up to the requirements of his case. Mr. Jefferson favored the diffusion of slavery as a means of securing its abolition. Emancipation is what he had in view, and it is only to be inquired whether he was correct in his opinion, that "the passage of slaves from one State to another would not make a slave of a single human being who would not be so without it." Had Mr. Jefferson lived until now, he would have learned the fallacy of his notion that the increase of slaves is not favored by the diffusion of slavery. The world laughed at poor old Gen. Cass, when, a few years ago, he revived the idea, and we cannot prevail upon ourselves to adopt it, even to oblige our contemporary.—*Cin. Commercial.*

## Washington Sketches—Senators, &c.

The Cincinnati *Commercial* has a witty, and pungent Washington correspondent who lately wrote to that paper the following letter. It reads well:

There was a rich joke about a day about one of the new members—Mr. Cullen, of Delaware. He inquired of some gentlemen what kind of a man a former member from Little Delaware was—whether he was smart, a man of genius, &c.; and was told that he certainly was. Then Mr. Cullen remarked, with great complacency and emphasis—"I best him." This raised a slight laugh. Then Mr. C. inquired as to the amount of stationary given members, and was told that they were allowed forty-five dollars worth. He then picked out six pen-knives and ten gold pens with silver handles and pencil cases, and filling his breeches pockets, marched off. The manner in which he levies on stationary is noised about as a joke, and he is "done for." He is a Know-nothing and votes for Marshall. It has been suggested that he certainly reached this city by navigating a side track of the railroad, and that it will be necessary to nail a guide board to him in order to send him back.

I looked in upon the Senate to-day. Gen. Cass is a ponderous old fellow, with a massive head, which he covers with a rusty old brown wig, and he keeps, opening and shutting his mouth, and sucking his breath between his teeth, as if he constantly tasted something disagreeable. John M. Clayton is more enormous than Cass, and his face, though fat, is magnificent. He is the best looking man in the Senate, and laughs heartily at intervals of from two to five minutes. His hair is white as snow, and his big eyes glistened all the time with intelligence and humor. Seward is about as stolid in appearance as a pair of tongs. He does not weigh more than a hundred pounds. His hair is short and looks red, and his eyes are hidden behind a pair of slender gold spectacles. His face is thin, pale and wrinkled, but his lines are firm, and he appears to be what he is, a son of a real and "intriguing intellect."

Senator Butler, of South Carolina, is thick-set at the waistband, though not uncomfortably heavy. His face is brightly red, and his hair, which he wears long, and in singular confusion, is white as newly washed lamb's wool. Hale's appearance indicates that he has been fed liberally on fat pork and buttermilk. Pugh looks young when among the old, bald, or white-headed big bellied Senators, than I ever before saw him. A majority of the Senators have naked patches on the tops of their heads, and quite half of them are the opposite to slender. They chew tobacco very much as other folks, so far as I could discover and immediately after adjournment several of them spit cigars, and leaning back, appeared to feel comfortable.

Clayton, Crittenden, and Benjamin, the Know-Nothing Senators, had a long talk after adjournment to-day. It is probable that they were discussing their chances for the Presidency. A group of Senators were talking in the lobby for an hour about war with England, and they seemed to think that it would be a good idea to build at once a powerful fleet of war steamers. Notices were given, by some one whose name I forgot, of his intention to introduce, on an early day, a bill providing for the construction of a Railroad to the Pacific. Whether he proposes to have it run past Chicago and round via the north pole, to dig a tunnel a thousand miles through the Rocky Mountains, or to try the Texas route, I did not understand. Gen. Cass had a talk with Pugh, and two or three Senators whose faces were not familiar to me, about the civil war in Kansas. The old gentleman was excited, and appeared, from a few heavily emphasized words I necessarily heard as I was looking at him at the time, to be savagely in favor of the Squatter Sovereign vs. the Border Ruffians.

I handed Gov. Reeder the Commercial of Monday containing details of the recent disturbances in Kansas. The Governor says there is no doubt but the Free State men of Kansas would prevail if they had fair play, but that they are not able to resist the whole power of the pro-slavery Missourians, backed by the influence and military force of the "law and order" Government. Even Sharpe's rifles will fall against such overwhelming numbers. And then the quantity of arms and ammunition in the hands of the Free State men has been exaggerated by both parties. Next to the Speakership, the war in Kansas is the topic of conversation here. The general opinion seems to be that the stories of the late trouble in that Territory are very much exaggerated.

A caucus of the "opposition" members of the House of Representatives was called for this evening, but it was poorly attended, and nothing of the slightest consequence occurred. Greely is "bobbing around," looking intensely innocent, and working hard to bring the "opposition" into line, and drill them for regular action. They prefer, however, to fight Indian fashion.

The Error of Popular Opinions, in regard to the Ages most predisposed to Consumption.

The experience of every age and the statistical tables of every eminent authority upon this subject, clearly show that of all the diseases to which the human family is liable, none is so prevalent or so fatal in its issue, as Pulmonary Consumption. We have unapplied but to turn to the recorded experience of the past, to be convinced that the general belief is unfortunately correct. Yet some of our readers will doubtless be surprised to learn that while many of its victims are amongst the most interesting and too often the most talented portion of adult life, a still larger number are to be met with a more tender though not less interesting age.

On turning to one of the most eminent authorities of the age, the celebrated Louis "we shall find," (says Prof. Watson,) "by reference to two short tables, one drawn up by him, containing observations relative to 123 cases, and another by Baye, respecting 100, some facts throwing light on this subject. The two tables agree in the main very closely. Thus from the age of 15 to that of 20, Louis met with 11 deaths from Phthisis, Baye with 10; from 20 to 30, Louis met with 23, and Baye 23; from 30 to 38, Louis 33, Baye 23; from 40 to 50, Louis 28, Baye 21; from 50 to 60, Louis 12, Baye 15; from 60 to 70, Louis 5, Baye 8. We see from this account, how erroneous the common notion is that consumption does not occur at an advanced period of life; that a person who has reached 30 or 40 years, is thenceforth safe from that disease."

From these two tables and others collected by Sir James Clark, it appears that taking the decennial periods, the greatest number of deaths from Phthisis happens between the ages of 20 and 30. The next greatest number from 30 to 40; the next from 40 to 50; and that after these it is a doubtful matter whether more perish of consumption between 50 and 60, or between 60 and 70, which last is only one-half of a decennial period.

"These calculations refer, as you will remark, to human life after the age of puberty. Before that age, tubercular disease is fearfully common, especially in infancy and childhood. Among 920 children (524 girls and 396 boys) who died from the age of 2 to that of 15 years, no less than 528 (nearly three-fifths of the whole) were affected with tubercles."

The mortality amongst women is greater than that amongst men, no doubt in part owing to their sedentary occupations and the consequent deprivation of the necessary amount of pure air, engendering a cachectic state of the system. The same result is produced amongst a certain class of mechanics, and from the same cause combined with the irritating nature of their employment. The causes of consumption are far too numerous to admit of any thing but a passing allusion, as they will be considered in detail on a future occasion. Our present object is to draw the attention of the public to the fact of the great prevalence of this fearful disease at an age which has been considered as little subject to its influence. The remarkable tendency to the deposition of tubercles in infancy and childhood, is owing to something more than their inability to resist the influences which tend to the production of disease compared with adult age, and it cannot be doubted that one of its most prevalent causes is the abused system of clothing adopted by mothers of their children.

With all the advantages of adult vigor, we deem it necessary to protect our bodies, and particularly our lungs, by the warmest apparel; and experience proves that those who do not do so, are doubly liable to suffer from the ever varying temperature of the air.

Not so with poor children—their instincts, were they able, are not permitted to exert their salutary warnings, but instead thereof, that part of their bodies which of all others is the least liable to resist the influence of cold and variations of temperature is suffered to go entirely unprotected, and thus their health, and too often their lives are sacrificed "to the idol of fashion."

There can be no doubt that the cruel exposure of so large a portion of the chest and limbs, is the real cause of the great prevalence, and fatality of consumption in infants and young children.—*Hunter's Med. Specialist.*

New York, Dec. 11.—The U. S. District Attorney received information from the President concerning the filibuster movements and invasion of Nicaragua, with instructions to take prompt measures for its suppression.

## A Business Sketch of a Business Man.

We copy the following sketch of the life of a very extraordinary man, from an editorial in N. Y. Sun:—  
"As an illustration of business tact and talent, we may point to the career of Professor Holloway, the proprietor of the most popular medicines of the age. The rise and progress of this extraordinary man have had no parallel during the present century. He has visited nearly every Court in Europe, and obtained permission for the sale of his preparations from most of the crowned heads of the Old World. The queen of Spain and Portugal, the kings of Naples and Sardinia, granted him audiences; and in St. Petersburg, which city he visited a short time before the commencement of the war he was treated with marked consideration by the late Czar and the nobility."

"Travelling in an elegant private carriage, attended by a courier, his equipage attracted attention in the towns and villages through which he passed. The hotels where he lodged were besieged by persons of the first distinction, and the best society on the continent courted his acquaintance."

"The subject of these remarks is unquestionably an ambitious man, and his skill and enterprise have placed him far in advance of all his predecessors and contemporaries in the same profession. He stands alone; and the fact that he can maintain his high position, despite the interested assaults of envy and presumption, proves that his medicines have an intrinsic value, which the world understands and appreciates."

"The sums expended in advertising by Professor Holloway would be incredible if they were not authenticated by his books. His payments to the press range from \$150,000 to \$300,000 per annum. There is no printed language in which his advertisements do not appear."

"The ramifications of his business extend from the focal point—his vast establishment in the Strand, London—over the whole face of the earth. "This extraordinary man is now in this country—in this city. The Tribune, a just tribute to his matchless enterprise, says that, having, like Alexander subdued the Old World, he is now preparing to conquer the New."

"Professor Holloway has not been tempted hitherto by a thirst for gain—for his wealth is sufficient to satisfy the most ardent worshipper of mammon—but by a philanthropic desire to extend the benefit of his medicines among a people whose character he admires. Everybody is, of course, anxious to see the greatest advertiser in the world. In a very short period, the American reputation of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and HOLLOWAY'S Ointment will rival their European fame."

Good counsel.—It is not by mere study, by the mere accumulation of knowledge, that you can hope for eminence. Mental discipline, the exercise of the faculties of the mind, the quickening of your apprehension, the strengthening of your memory, the forming of sound, steady, and discriminating judgment, are of even more importance than the store of learning. Practice the economy of time. Consider time, like the faculties of your mind, a precious estate; that every moment of it well applied is put out to an exorbitant interest. The zest of amusement itself, and the nice result of application, depend, in a great measure, upon economy of time. Estimate, also, the value of habit. Exercise a constant, an unrelenting vigilance of the acquirement of habits, in matters that are apparently of entire indifference—that, perhaps, are really so, independent of the habits they engender. It is by the neglect of such trifles that bad habits are acquired, and that the mind, by tolerating negligence and procrastination in matters of small account, but frequent occurrence—matters of which the world takes no notice—becomes accustomed to the same defects in matters of higher importance. By motives yet more urgent, by higher and purer aspirations, by the duty of obedience to the will of God, by the awful account you will have to render, not merely of moral actions, but of faculties instructed to you for improvement—by all these high arguments do I conjure you "as your heart yearns, do I conjure you "as wisdom which, directing your ambition to the noble end of benefiting mankind, and teaching humble reliance on the merits and on the mercy of your Redeemer, may support you in the "time of your wealth," and in "the hour of death, and in the day of judgment."—*Sir Robert Peel.*

What's Up!—The Statesman of Saturday in speaking of the action of the Locomotive State Central Committee on Thanksgiving Day—yes, Thanksgiving Day they met in spite of their own Governor's proclamation—says that the resolution passed at the meeting "was found in a wrapper in our office. We regret that we did not see any them, as no member of that committee resides in this city."

Time was, when the State Central Committee of the Locomotive party would, upon such an occasion, have called upon the "old Wheel horse," if for no other reason than to partake of his fodder. But this is an ungrateful, wicked world, and, as time changes, men, particularly Locomotives, change with them.—*Journal.*

The new British commander in the Crimea Gen. Sir Wm. Codrington, is in his 60th year. He saw his first active service in the field during the recent campaigns in that region. He is a son of the celebrated Admiral Codrington, who commanded the British navy at the battle of Navarino.

New York, Dec. 11.—The U. S. District Attorney received information from the President concerning the filibuster movements and invasion of Nicaragua, with instructions to take prompt measures for its suppression.